

Powafal Impak!

Black Moon

Hey yo, this is straight up for all them niggaz out there
Who fronted on some bullshit in the beginning, fuck dat

(some reggae shouting)

Blaaaww! Here comes the Buckshot Shorty
I kill black real, so guard your grill like naughty
Niggaz call me Jeffrey Dahmer, why
I'm quick to bombercars
That fuck your armor, cause I cause mad trauma
No comma, straight through your mama like acid
I fucked her, then I did it, that's why you's a little bastard
You talk mad shit with no back up, what's up, act up
You punk niggaz get smacked up, word life
You fuckin' with the wrong nigga
I fuck too many on the mic, they call me daddy long trigger
Mister Buckshot, makin' the gun hot
From niggaz that fiend to see my little ass rot
Peep my style, check my level
I'm so hot, I shot a fuckin' fair one with the devil
Booyakya!, watch your back, grab your fuckin' gat
Here come brothers who are ready to act

Chorus: [samples of Busta Rhymes]
[Powafal Impak] 4x
Boom!! [the cannon]
(Repeat)

Verse 2: Buckshot

Some pack a mac, I choose to pack a black 22
By my waistline, buckin' your whole crew
I step through, and represent Black Moon
First, before I kick a verse, I puff a bag of boo
Lyrically I freak your funk you never heard
My shit is so fly, when I kick it, it's absurd
Damn, how I wrecked your life with one record
Made your crew break up and girl get naked
Respected, because I work hard for my cash
Shakin' more flavor than Mrs. Dash
Look out below, my flow will hit your brain
I got dough, but I still hop the train
I'm bustin' niggaz open, Attica style
Yo, straight to the jugular, brother you're mad foul
Gimme dat, because I rock with the best
Yo, peace to the hardcore niggaz, fuck the rest

Chorus

Verse 3: Buckshot

Fee, to the Fi, to the Fo, to the Funk
I pop junk and keep the bump in the trunk
Puff the skunk and get high, Oh lord
Get on my skateboard and do a motherfuckin' driveby
You little crab ass flea
Biting my style, you know the original rudeboy is me

Buckshot, no joke, smoke a nigga like buddha
Who the fuck you think you playin' wit
Yeah, I'm sayin' it
Cause I want beef, for you can hang here right
Yo, sometimes I wonder how the fuck you get a mic
But I don't sweat that, cause I 'm still paid
Niggaz get bucked down, bitches get sprayed
I do what I want, just so I can make loot
If it's an eagle, pack the gat son
You know how we do, true

Chorus

(Assorted shout outs 'til end)